WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

WHAT SHE HEARS AND SEES.

I am sure I packed that hammer
In the tool chest. I cannot
Imagine how it happened
To be in the coffee pot.

And I know I wrapped that blanket
Safe about the curtain poles.
They are lost, but why's the blanket
Nothing but a mass of holes?

And the casters of the bureau—
I am sure I locked them all
In the top drawer, but I cannot
Find them anywhere at all.

Now, perhaps, they're in the boiler—
No; I put the pillows there.
And the cut-glass bowl—that's broken!
It I packed them, too, with care.

And the brass knobs of the maid's bed?
I can't tell just where they're "at."
But the bed has one leg broken,
So I shan't fret over that.

Twasn't I who put the flat irons
In the safe box with the books.
See my brand-new set of Shakespeare!
Twasn't my fault how it looks.

It can't be the parlor carpet
To a rag like that has shrunk;
But I think you'll find the andirons
Somewhere in the china trunk.

Where's the bedding? Where's the towels?
They'll be found some time, no doubt.
For a few days, till we find them,
We'll just have to do without.

Anyway, we've moved. What matter
If each thing we own is wrecked?
If we would insist on moving,
What on earth could we expect?

* * * *

One of the new apartment houses has the most imposing entrance it is possible to imagine, and an elevator boy so imposing that he simply can't be imagined at all. I don't know where the entrance came from, but from the softness of the elevator boy's accent I think he must have strayed here from the West Indian Islands. He uses his accent very little. A woman I know lives in the apartment house which he glorifies by his presence, and when she came down in the elevator the other day she addressed him.

"If a sewing woman comes to see me while I'm gone," said she, "will you kindly ask her to wait till I come back?"

The elevator boy neither moved a muscle nor made a sign that he heard. The woman I know repeated her remark. Still no sign from the elevator boy.

"Did you hear what I said?" she demanded.

He turned a withering eye on her.

"When I doesn't hear," he said, "I always says 'What?'"

* * * *

I went to see two women yesterday. The first lives in a large house, and I found her almost too discouraged to live. She has two daughters, aged, respectively, eight and ten, and she was almost too exhausted to speak.

"I don't know how I'm going to get through the winter," she said. "Here I've been getting along fairly well with only two maids. Last year I had a governess for the children, but this year their father insists that they must be sent to school. I've got to get another maid to take them to school and bring them home, and cook says that if she has anybody else to wait on, she'll leave. My husband says we can't keep up the motor car and send the children to an expensive school, and I'm on the verge of nervous prostration worrying about it all. It's so perfectly ghastly to be as poor as we are, and I don't see where I'm going to get the strength to keep up."

After I had sympathized with her for half an hour her tailor has turned out to be incompetent, too. I went to see the other woman. She is living with her husband and daughter in a flat that has three rooms and a kitchenette.

"We're crowded," she said, "but since my little girl has to go to the oculist's so often, I felt that we couldn't afford a larger flat and a maid. The box couch in the sitting room makes a very comfortable bed for her, and I find we can buy ever so many things at the delicatessen, so that the cooking is really nothing but play. I'm going to put the washing out, and we'll get on very nicely, but I don't see how people who are really poor ever manage to live at all."

* * * *

Everything's comparative, I suppose. Wasn't it Mr. Rockefeller who complained last winter that oysters were so high he couldn't afford them?

* * * *

Speaking about vocalists reminds me of a friend of mine who has always bragged about her perfect eyesight, without taking the sensible precaution of rubbing wood when she did it. Last week, or the week before, she went with a friend whose eyes had been troubling her to see one of the eye men. She could read all the letters on the card across the room.

"My eyes are perfect," she said. "I can see everything. And with one eye shut I see just half as well as I do with both eyes."

So much trouble comes from talking when you might as well keep still! The oculist gave just one look at her.

"Then you certainly need glasses badly," he said. And she's wearing them now.

* * * *

But yesterday I stumbled upon a most important discussion among a party of young folk who have learned everything there is to know and were graduated from college last June.

"I maintain that 'immaterial with me' is the correct expression," said the young woman in gray.

"Im sure you're wrong," insisted the young man in black. "The derivation of the word would imply the accusative of direction toward which. Certainly in that case you could say nothing but 'immaterial to me.'"

Both of them turned suddenly to a mild little woman who, never having been to college at all, had maintained a careful silence.

"Which do you think is right?" they demanded.

The little woman flushed painfully.

"Well," she said, slowly, "I think iridescent is just as good a word as immaterial, anyway."

* * * *

I've heard of all sorts of reasons for not wanting to live in New York—and they're all good when you can just as well live in Washington—but Mrs. B.'s cook has advanced an entirely new one. Mrs. B. is going to remove to New York, and she begged Lucinda to go there with her. Lucinda refused flatly, and for a long time declined to give her reason. Finally, after repeated urgings, she spoke.

"No, indeed, Miss Laura," she said. "You don't git me to go to New York. New York's an island, and if I was to go out after dark I'd never know how near the aidge I might be. First I knew I'd be falling off, and I kain't swim. No, ma'am; I stays right here in Washington."

* * * *

Mrs. X. strayed into a gathering of literary people not long ago, and they were discussing punctuation. I am not at all sure that she heard all the conversation, but she heard enough of it to enable her to make a memorable speech.

"Well," said one young woman, "I must confess I never did know anything about the colon."

Mrs. X. bristled with importance.

"I do," she said; "it's right near the vermiform appendix."

* * * *

While we are talking of punctuation—and, by the way, a lawyer showed me recently a paper he'd had from an English law firm which hadn't a comma in it from beginning to end, and that makes me hope that Westward the flag of punctuation will take its way—the wife of a prominent broker went to call on a woman who writes, not long ago. The woman who writes was in despair about semi-colons and colons, and a lot of the other intricate things that nobody but a sophomore really understands. Apropos of nothing in particular, the writing woman remarked:

"If it weren't for punctuation I'd be perfectly happy."

"You needn't let that worry you," said the broker's wife. "It worried us till we met that Mr. Cable, from Illinois, who used to be in Congress. Since we've had the auto fitted out with the tires he recommended we haven't been bothered with punctuation at all."

CHOATE: "'ENFANT TERRIBLE."

Writer Points American Delegate to The Hague as Needed Brake.

Compte de Sainte Maurice, political editor of Gil Blas, a Paris periodical, writing of the American delegates to The Hague Conference, pictures as the meeting's mentor Joseph H. Choate, whom he quaintly names "the 'enfant terrible' of the conference," and of whom he says:

"He seems aware neither of the grandeur of the mission intrusted to the delegates nor of the personal majesty of their excellencies. He is barely a diplomat. He it is who, with an air of innocence, inserts into a discussion a few cold words which effectively shatter the grandiloquent parables of his colleagues. He it is who unsmilingly emphasizes some imposing puerility; it is always he whose brief logic brings back to earth again discussions which have drifted into the pacific ether. What superb balloons he has thus pricked! What pretentious acronauts has he brought to earthly realities!

"Mr. Choate's latest escapade brought upon him bitter reproaches. He had the temerity to suggest to the conference that it should convene the next time without waiting for an invitation from a sovereign. This was denounced as a discreditable plan to deprive Russia of her cherished prerogative of calling the next congress. The Russians felt the blow so keenly that they immediately obtained the passage of a resolution lauding the Russian initiative and rendering respectful thanks to his majesty, the Emperor of Russia, the august originator of these international assemblies. It is intimated that Mr. Choate and Gen. Porter exacted a sweet revenge at the time this resolution was adopted by voluntarily omitting mention of President Roosevelt's leading role in bringing about the present conference."

SUNDAY MORNING CHAT

GOSSIP OF THE CHURCHES.

Just one year ago the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Eighth and Shepherd streets, Petworth, was dedicated. An anniversary sermon by the pastor, Rev. Charles R. Cole, and special music by the choir will fittingly commemorate the day.

In August, 1905, a few residents of Petworth held a meeting to talk over the advisability of opening a Sunday school in that community. Mr. George C. Hough offered the use of his home for the school, and from the meeting a call was issued for the first session of the Sunday school, which was held September 3, 1905, with Mr. Hough as superintendent and an enrollment of twenty-seven members. Dr. Henry R. Naylor, then presiding elder of the Washington district of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who was throughout his administration an earnest advocate of church extension, effected a church organization October 16, 1905. There was a membership of twenty, the services being held at the home of Mr. Hough. The project of building was brought about when a lot, finely located for church purposes, was presented the young congregation by Mr. George W. F. Swartzell. Aid from the Methodist City Church Extension Society and generous cash contributions from a few members and friends made possible the building of the attractive little house of worship which is to-day one year old. Unsurpassed in zeal and devotion are its members, and every branch of the church is in a flourishing condition.

Last Sunday was also an eventful day on the church calendar, as it marked the first anniversary of the organization of the Sunday School Missionary Society. An interesting programme was arranged for the occasion by the president of the society, Mr. J. Atkinson. Mrs. James E. Gilbert, president of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the District, whose gracious presence is an inspiration, delivered one of her always helpful and entertaining addresses.

To Rev. Mr. Cole much credit is due for the prosperity that has attended Petworth Church. He is a gifted young man, an earnest preacher, and an able administrator. The trustees are Messrs. A. B. Browne, George W. F. Swartzell, George C. Hough, and Dr. W. M. Beatty. There is a vacancy on the board, caused by the recent death of Judge Louis O'Neal, whose loss is severely felt in the church.

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Rev. Dr. Wilbur L. Davidson, the genial secretary of the American University, is enthusiastic in his views regarding the outlook of that institution of learning. He never fails to invite any one in Washington who has not visited the university grounds to go and see what has been accomplished thus far in the way of building, as he considers the new McKinley memorial, which is nearing completion, unsurpassed in architectural beauty. The Hall of History, which was finished several years ago, is a superb structure of classic simplicity. Both are of white marble. Already, valuable contributions have been made. One room in the Hall of History contains 3,500 books from the library of the late Gen. John A. Logan, his library table, and other interesting relics; these, together with a life-like colossal bronze bust of Gen. Logan, were presented to the university by Mrs. Logan. Dr. Franklin Hamilton, the new chancellor of the university, who is expected in Washington this week, is, Dr. Davidson says, a man of vigorous personality, and in all respects well qualified for the position. To-day Dr. Davidson is in New York, having gone there to preach the sermon and assist in the dedicatory services of the magnificent organ that has just been installed in the Janes Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn.

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Regarding Chancellor Hamilton, the Christian Advocate's New England letter says:

"The American University has chosen a brilliant man as its chancellor, but here in Boston we are going to greatly miss Dr. Franklin Hamilton from the pulpit of the First Methodist Episcopal Church. To fill the place that was so well filled by Dr. Hamilton at Temple street is no easy task, and we find ourselves face to face with a difficult problem."

Dr. Hamilton was born in Ohio, and is a son of Rev. W. C. P. Hamilton, of the Pittsburg Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Bishop John W. Hamilton and Dr. J. Benson Hamilton are his brothers. He was graduated from the Boston Latin School in 1883, winning the Old South prize as essayist on that occasion. Upon his graduation from Harvard University, in 1887, he took both the Bowdoin and Boylston prizes. He was president of the Harvard Daily Crimson, and became a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Fraternity.

He delivered the oration for the undergraduates at the celebration of Harvard's 250th anniversary, was elected class orator, and chosen as one of the commencement speakers.

In 1892 he was graduated from the Boston University School of Theology, after which he spent nearly three years in post-graduate study in Paris and Berlin.

Dr. Hamilton has traveled extensively in Europe, and speaks several modern languages fluently.

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The opening service of the general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, holding its sessions in Richmond, Va., was held in the Church of the Holy Trinity. Here, too the Woman's United Offering service, when the triennial offering for missions was presented, took place, and here will be held the final meeting of the convention, October 23.

Trinity Church, a memorial to Bishop Richard Channing Moore, is one of the most beautiful and commodious in the South. Recent additions and improvements put upon it left a debt of $27,000. It was the ardent wish of the rector, Rev. John J. Gravatt, to have the church consecrated at the time of the meeting of the great convention in Richmond this fall. This was an impossibility unless the debt were paid, the canons of the Episcopal Church forbidding the consecration of a house of worship until the building and ground upon which it stands have been fully paid for.

By an earnest, united effort on the part of the rector and his parishioners the entire amount of indebtedness was raised in a few weeks, and on October 1, amid great rejoicing, the impressive consecration service took place, Right Rev. George W. Peterkin, Bishop of West Virginia, son of Rev. Dr. Joshua Peterkin, founder of the church, preaching the sermon, and Right Rev. Robert A. Gibson, Bishop of Virginia, first rector of the church, was consecrator.

An interesting feature of the service was the use of the oldest communion silver in the United States, which was loaned for the ceremony by old St. John's Church, Hampton, Va. The service was made in London, and bears this inscription: "Presented to St. Mary's Church, in Smith's Hundred, in Virginia, by Mrs. Mary Robinson, 1619."

At the time of the Indian massacre in 1622, when the settlement at Smith's Hundred was nearly destroyed, Gov. Yeardley carried the chalice and paten to Jamestown. This historic silver was later given to St. John's Church, Hampton, where it is regularly used.

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The house of deputies is, during the convention, holding its sessions in St. Paul's Church. This is one of Richmond's most notable churches, and was at the time of the war a center of great interest, as both Jefferson Davis and Gen. Robert E. Lee worshiped there. Dr. Minnegerode was then rector, and it was he who administered the rite of baptism and gave the first communion to Mr. Davis, who was confirmed in the church during the war. Here, too, Varina Ann ("Winnie") Davis, loving called "The Daughter of the Confederacy," was baptized by Dr. Minnegerode, and here it was that her funeral took place a few years ago.

St. Paul's Church has in it four of the handsomest memorial windows in the country—two to Gen. Lee and two to Jefferson Davis. One of the Davis windows represents St. Paul, in chains, before King Agrippa. One of the Lee windows shows Moses leaving Pharaoh's court to join his lot with his own brethren.

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The critical illness of Bishop Ellison Capers, of the Episcopal Church, is a source of universal sorrow, and his kindly, gracious presence and words of counsel are greatly missed at the general convention. Bishop Capers is a son of the late Bishop William Capers, of South Carolina, one of the first bishops of the Southern Methodist Church. He died in 1855, after a ministry of forty-six years, and his body lies under the pulpit of Washington Street Methodist Episcopal Church South, in Columbia, S. C. A tablet to his memory has just been placed in the church, to replace one destroyed during the civil war. On the tablet are engraved these words: "He was founder of missions to slaves on Southern plantations. To shining abilities and the grace of eloquent speech he united Godly learning with great simplicity of character, which endeared him to his brethren, and won for him universal esteem from his countrymen."

Mr. John G. Capers, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, is the son and grandson of these two distinguished bishops.

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Bishop John M. Walden, of Cincinnati, is one of the many churchmen who believes in hunting up the people if they do not come to the church. The Western Christian Advocate, in referring to his activity along this line of work, says:

"Bishop Walden is a favorite on the gospel wagon of Cincinnati. He often responds to the invitation and is heard preaching to the unsaved in the most abandoned parts of the city, delivering a message that reaches the hearts of his hearers."

TAFT CALLED TO ACCOUNT.

His Argument Against Johnson Regime in Cleveland Attacked.

From the Florida Times-Union.

Mr. Taft is a sane and reasonable statesman, of course, but what do you think of his conclusion that the people of Cleveland must surrender their municipal government to the charge that "the continuation of a strongly intrenched adverse organization in the largest city in one of the leading States in the Union must be prevented?"

If Mr. Taft held such views as the President, why should he not declare that the continuation of an adverse organization in the nation should not be endured, and set all the forces at the command of the Executive to break up the Democratic party? The wishes of the voters of Cleveland are not to be considered; why should the wishes of anybody be worth a hill o' beans?

READY FOR WRITERS

Women's Pen League to Entertain Visitors.

WILL COME HERE SATURDAY

Delegates on Way to National Convention in Birmingham to Stop Over in the Capital City as Guests of Sister Penwomen—What Members of the League Are Doing.

The League of American Pen Women, at its regular monthly meeting Monday evening last, considered plans for the entertainment, in unison with the Women's National Press Association, of the expected Eastern delegates to the International League of Press Clubs, on the evening of Saturday, October 19. The delegates are expected to spend a day and a night in Washington, leaving the next morning for Birmingham, Ala., where the convention will be held.

Miss Grace E. McKinstrey, of Faribault, Minn., an honorary member, and one of the commissioners appointed by the Governor to further the interests of art in the State told something about her work in the West, where the artistic sentiment is being highly fostered. Miss McKinstrey is the author of a series of art papers on Spain, and has come East to paint the portraits of several notable people. Miss Bessie E. Dunn, formerly of Cleveland, Ohio, was also a visitor. Mrs. Susie Root Rhodes, librarian, reported a musical motif, "Cupid, the Beggar," the words by Mrs. Rachel Tougate Beck, and a copy of "Army and Navy Life," containing a poem by the same author, "The Crimson Fire Tree," which was read by Mrs. Christine W. Dunlap. Mrs. Juliette M. Babbitt, the league historian, presented her report, as follows:

"Grace MacGowan Cooke's name is one of the most frequent and widely seen. A story by her, 'An Assistant Muse,' appeared in the Mail and Times, Des Moines—Stapp is associate editor—for September 20, while the Ladies' World for October has one by her entitled 'The Road to Paradise;' the October National Home Journal has another story, 'The Wiving of Adam,' with the author's portrait. The same journal has a story by Mrs. Virginia King Frye, 'At the Turn of the Road,' with her portrait on the first page.

Work of the Members.

"Articles, poems, and sketches by honorary members—among them, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Florence Earle Coates, and Agnes Repplier—frequently appear in the leading magazines. There are good portraits and sketches in Cynthia Westover Alden and Floretta Vining in an article about club women by Helen M. Winslow, in the National Home Journal for September.

"The league has reason to be proud of its Chicago contingent. The historian had the recent pleasure of spending an hour or two with Mrs. Agness Greene Foster, in her pretty apartment overlooking Lincoln Park and Lake Michigan. This personal meeting but deepened the sincere esteem and admiration long felt for this gifted woman, whose poems, pure and uplifting, appeal with unusual force to the heart as well as to the mind. A beautiful little book issued by Paul Elder & Co. is 'You and Some Others,' a collection of some of those poems. Miss Stapp gives it a delightfully appreciative notice in the Mail and Times for October 4.

"Mrs. Eleanor Everest Freer contends that 'our best music can just as well be set to the best English,' instead of foreign languages, and this she has shown in the songs of Browning, Austin Dobson, Alice Meynell, William Watson, and others. Especially charming are 'Songs from the Greek,' of which 'To a Painter' is among those issued by the Wa-Wan Press, of Newton, Mass., and Suckling's 'Constant Lover.'

"Mrs. Maude M. Jackson, of Chicago, writes: 'Have recently been doing some special work for one of the educational publishing houses of this city, and hope to get out my little fairy tale, "Little Lady Lonesome," by Christmas. Also busy, preparing a series of lectures for club work.'"

Special Train Is Planned.

Announcement was made that the special train conveying the delegates and guests to the convention of the International League of Press Clubs, at Birmingham, Ala., will leave Washington at 9 a. m. Sunday morning, October 20. Lewis G. Early, the league secretary, will be at the Riggs House, on the 17th, to perfect all arrangements for the trip. A reception will be accorded the delegates upon their arrival in the "Pittsburg of the South," and an attractive programme of entertainment has been arranged for them.

A special train, leaving Birmingham early on Saturday, October 26, will stop over at Atlanta and Norfolk. October 28 is a special day for the International League of Press Clubs at the Jamestown exposition.

A RHYME IN PANAMETER.

A native's called a Panaman
Near our new bought canal;
A Panama his mother is;
His dog a Panimal.

Philosophers at Darien
(Perhaps I'm eulogistic
And yet 'tis accurate) are called
Most truly Panamystic.

This leads me on once more to guess
That I am right in this,
That every girl in Colon found
Is called a Panamiss.

Now, should a son of Erin's isle
Go down to swing a pick,
'Tis ten to one that all the while
He'd be a Panamick.

Or if on railroads he is bent,
Whene'er he drives a spike,
The section boss will shout at him,
"Lay on, you Panamike!"

And reasoning thus, we see 'tis true
(Of names there is no lack)
That Scotchman, when on isthmus found,
Would be a Panamac.

One deaf and dumb in that hot clime
A Panamute is hight;
While every dwarf deformed and small,
Is known a Panamjie.

When Bogota, with eye to "graft,"
Kicked up an awful fuss,
The other chaps in Colon town
Just raised a Panamuss.

When Wallace, longing to get rich,
For home became a starter,
He felt when Taft had jumped on him,
Just like a Panamartyr.

And now I'll stop, for my lute strings
Need tuning. They're too slack.
I could keep on, but then you'd call
Me Panamaniac.

A Panacritic Addendum.

And when upon the busy scene
The Pana critic glowers,
Of canker worm he sees the germ
In all the Pana flowers.

The Panadog has Panamange,
And this most dread disease
Is spread in Colebra cut
By Panamistic fleas.

But worst of all the Pana things,
Declare the gay perceivers,
Are those decaying Pana leaves
That cause the Panafevers.

And next to these in awfulness
From Panacritic pack,
Is Pana Poultney Bigelow,
The Panamaniac.

—Bohemian Magazine.

BYWAYS ARE NEGLECTED.

Tourists Lose Real Pleasure of Travel by Following Beaten Track.

Long journeys have become so commonplace in recent years that presently any one who wishes to win attention as a traveler must launch his air ship and go voyaging through the limitless heavens—and then come home and write a book about it—an aerated Marco Polo, as it were, says the Chicago Evening Post. Though Englishmen are perhaps the best travelers—at least, they say they are—Americans probably are the most traveled creatures on earth except railway cars, and as cars are not creatures there is none to dispute our title to the championship.

But our great shortcoming in journeying about this diminutive globe is that we, for the most part, stick to the beaten path. Over and over again we go to Europe and then strike out along one of the well-worn paths that lead to London, Paris, or the Alps, never stopping to reflect upon the joys that lie in little-used bypaths and in strange places just off the whirling current of tourist travel. Even if we go up the Nile we do it in herds and never venture beyond the points where innumerable other travelers have ventured; we see just what everyone else has seen, and all our real enthusiasm and energy go into the purchase of souvenir postal cards and various articles which we plot and plan to smuggle back into the land of the free.

And yet the most delightful journeys are those along the many bypaths of this world, where travelers seldom stray and where everything is much as it was before Mr. Cook and Mr. Raedeker made traveling a matter of guides, distances, and hotel rates.

AFFAIRS IN IRELAND.

By SEUMAS MACMANUS.

Special Correspondence, The Washington Herald.

Mount Charles, County Donegal, Ireland.

In England there is a Unionist Society whose object is to influence the English Electorate against Irish home rule by flooding the island with leaflets descriptive of Irish outrages. Of this society Lord Ashtown, a County Waterford landlord, was a prominent and one of the most effective members. A few months ago the English society found itself in the dumps, as Irish outrages were not materializing fast enough. Suddenly, however, Providence came to its aid. On a morning the three kingdoms were startled by the intelligence that Lord Ashtown's shooting lodge at Glensheiry, County Waterford, had been wrecked by a bomb. The world, of course, was supposed to conclude that the wicked Irishrie had committed this vile outrage by way of a gentle reminder to Lord Ashtown that he should withdraw his objections to home rule and cease reporting Irish wickedness to the English public. All England sympathized with poor Lord Ashtown and wrung its hands over Irish depravity.

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Ireland cried out for an investigation into the outrage, and the police have lately forwarded the report of their examination, which is causing some sensation among Lord Ashtown's friends. The police conclude that, first, the bomb, contained in a metal pot, had been placed on the outside of the window of the drawing-room on the night of the explosion; second, this window, instead of being closed at night, like most floor-ground windows, was wide open when the bomb was placed there. The shutters were open, and the drawing-room door also was open, though the man in woolen who had charge of locking up the place deposed that he closed both windows and shutters and shut the door before retiring to bed; third, the pot that contained the bomb has shown to be a pot that belonged to Lord Ashtown; fourth, the handle of a handborrow which had evidently been used in carrying the pot was shown to be the handle of one of Lord Ashtown's own barrows; fifth, there was no trace of a forcible entry; sixth, by wonderful coincidence, all the dogs about the place were, for the first time in the memory of man, locked up by the gamekeeper on the night of the explosion. England and Lord Ashtown are presently saying as little as they possibly can with regard to this horrible Irish outrage. The Irish people are calling for a sworn inquiry into the matter, and the government has replied that it will not grant a sworn inquiry. Oh, this wicked Ireland!

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The spectacle of a popular song writer fallen upon evil days produced a pathetic impression at Bow street police court the other day. A blind composer, Tom Maguire, was, with his wife, Frances, charged with causing an obstruction. He was well known years ago, and he has written many songs, which have secured a great deal of popularity, including those sentimental ballads, "Spare the Old Mud Cabin," "Kathleen Asthore," "Wait 'Till the Clouds Roll By," and others with a humorous note; but poverty and affliction overtook him, and now, blind and nearly deaf, he lives in Clerkenwell, and goes into the streets trying to sell his melodies. Mrs. Maguire, a neatly-dressed little woman in black, had to lead her husband carefully into the dock. A zealous constable on the previous evening saw Maguire playing a concertina on the pavement in Russell street. He stopped this, but later Maguire and his wife were on the pavement again, selling song books. They were arrested. A number of songs were handed to the magistrate, Sir Albert de Rutzen, which Maguire proudly acknowledged having written twenty years ago. "I was very famous then," he added, "but now I'm in the gutter." He further stated that if he only had a decent instrument he could probably get his living in the music halls. Maguire and his wife were discharged, and the old composer was led gently out of court.

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The London Daily Chronicle had a series of articles lately, dealing with the mark made in the recent session of Parliament by the notable men of each political party. It has some interesting things to say of Irish members. It remarks that Mr. John Redmond has receded somewhat in the past session. He remains an adroit parliamentarian, but new doubts have arisen as to his competency to lead the Nationalists in these difficult days. Ability he has in abundance, and his patriotism is undoubted. Has he the power of command, the capacity to lead, to initiate, and to inspire? Time will show, but some of his own friends have misgivings on these points. Mr. John Dillon has been very little in evidence during the session. An overwhelming sorrow has silenced, for the time, one of the most eloquent of the Nationalists. Grim and solitary, says the same correspondent, Mr. Tim Healy has occupied his familiar seat below the gangway. Occasionally he has thrilled the house by one of those efforts of somber eloquence in which he appeals at once to the emotions and the intelligence of his hearers. Mr. Healy is in the Irish Parliamentary party, but he is not of it. He moves in an orbit of his own. Is it that he cannot lead, and will not follow? Whatever the reason, in thinking of Mr. Healy, one is conscious of enormous powers running to waste.

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Our beautiful Irish author Gerald Griffin, novelist, playwright, and poet, is passing out of public memory more rapidly than he should. Gerald Griffin's known novel, and his finest, is "The Collegians," from which Hon. Dion Boucicault framed that most popular play, "The Colleen Bawn." Though Griffin was a sweet poet as well as charming novelist, his poems are now very little read. It is well to find that his own County of Limerick still cherishes his memory. A bust of the author was unveiled in the Christian schools, Limerick, recently, by Rev. W. R. Shanahan, many prominent Limerick citizens being present. The reverend gentleman referred to the poet as one of the noblest characters that ever graced the city of Limerick, and, dealing with the disputed point of Griffin's birthplace, said his researches had placed beyond all possible future cavil the fact that Gerald Griffin was born in St. Mary's Parish, Limerick, the date of his baptism being recorded in the parish register as December 12, 1803.

Before he unveiled the bust, he asked his hearers to go back in imagination to the time when Gerald Griffin stood in that building, as it was then, a courthouse, a witness and reporter of the proceedings that sent Scanlan to the gallows for the murder of the Coneen Bawn.

At the close the bust was unveiled, amid loud cheers,

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The latest slap for Mr. Redmond and his section of the Irish Parliamentary party comes from no other than Cardinal Logue, the Primate of all Ireland. It is in the form of a reply to the Tuam district council, which had asked him to interfere in the dissensions that are ruining the Irish party, and by calling together Healy, Brien, Dillon, and Redmond, if they agree to work together again. Here is the cardinal's letter:

"Ara Coeli,
"Armagh, Sept. 10, 1907.

"Dear Sir: I beg to acknowledge, with sincere thanks, the copy of a resolution passed by the Tuam District Council, which you have kindly forwarded to me.

"In the reply to the resolution, I can only say that I should be most happy to do anything which lies in my power to promote unity and harmony among the Irish Nationalist members of Parliament, as I feel convinced that their bickerings are terribly prejudicial to the interests of the country. I could not, however, place myself in the awkward position of volunteering my mediation in the matter, with the likelihood of having my interference in their disputes resented, and possibly repudiated by the larger section of the party. Hence, unless I be invited to take action in the matter, I can look on hopelessly, like every one else interested in the welfare of the country at the ruin which is being wrought by dissension.

"I am, dear sir,
"Yours faithfully,
"MICHAEL, CARD. LOGUE."

Mr. Redmond's section of the Irish Parliamentary party is just striving to recover from the bad blow given them a few weeks ago by Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin; when the Cardinal now cruelly reaches in his.

NUPTIALS AND LEVELS

A BACHELOR GIRL CHAT.

By HELEN ROWLAND.

"There!" exclaimed the Bachelor Girl, daintily lifting her spoon from the sticky mass in the chafing dish and regarding it with a quizzical little frown, "Isn't that just like matrimony!"

"If you mean that it's an awful mixer mystery——" began the Mere Man, leaning lazily back on the Oriental divan, where he could study the Bachelor Girl's forearm with professional appreciation.

"And you can't possibly tell how it will turn out until it's finished," interpolated the Bachelor Girl with a sigh.

"Nor whether you ought to throw it aside or to smile and swallow it if it's a failure," agreed the Mere Man sympathetically.

"And whether it's a failure or not," declared the Bachelor Girl, with a decisive flip of the spoon, "depends entirely on what effect the cheese and ale or the man and woman will have on one another."

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"There's only one way to solve the problem," announced the Mere Man, cheerfully blowing a smoke ring and watching it curl out over the Bachelor Girl's pompadour, "and that's to try it. Take me for instance——"

"Mr. Porter!"

"As an example," hastily put in the Mere Man. "Look at the effect you have on me when you are making a rarebit and your hair is ruffled and your sleeves are rolled up and your cheeks——"

"That's only one effect," interrupted the Bachelor Girl quickly, "and there are always two to matrimony."

"The 'Before' and 'After'?" suggested the Mere Man.

"No," retorted the Bachelor Girl, stirring vigorously, "the expected and unexpected, the good and bad, the up and down. I don't suppose," she added, blowing out the alcohol flame and carefully dishing the rarebit onto the crackers in the little blue plates, "that it ever would occur to a man to consider the effect of marriage on—on a woman, for instance. From the masculine viewpoint there is only one side to the question. Yet matrimony is just like a seesaw——"

"Where?" cried the Mere Man, putting down his plate. "Give me a microscope! In these days——"

"There are lots of them," declared the Bachelor Girl, sweeping the dishes into a heap on the table and beginning to scrape the plates. "Only, of course, one of them is always a little more in love than the other. It doesn't take a poet to teach us that two people never love one another in exactly the same degree. Yet a man always thinks that, if he can only get the woman he wants, he can teach her to love him."

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"It ought to be an easy task," put in the Mere Man, "considering the scarcity——"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Porter."

"The scarcity of nice men," finished the Mere Man, hastily.

"The trouble is," pursued the Bachelor Girl, haughtily ignoring the interruption, "that by the time he has succeeded in making a woman care for him a man has usually lost interest in the game and begun to console himself with—another woman. By the time she has waked up to the fact that, after all, he is the best she could have done, he is beginning to wonder if he couldn't have done better. By the time she has begun to listen to his step with pleasure he is beginning to step 'round the corners for his pleasures. By the time he has warmed the flame of love in her the fire has gone out in him—and they are merely following one another 'round the revolving door."

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"Oh, if you mean that it's full of ups and downs and that you never know when you are going to fly into the air or drop with a bump——" began the Mere Man sententiously.

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"I mean," said the Bachelor Girl, jabbing a cracker severely, "that the effects on the two parties always are precisely opposite and exactly in inverse ratio. Did you ever see a woman trying to reform a man?"

"Heaven forbid!" murmured the Mere Man, plunging his fork into the rarebit. "I had to watch a man hanged once, and I accidentally witnessed an automobile smash-up; but I'm not really morbid or——"

"Well, I did," declared the Bachelor Girl, twisting a string of rarebit round her fork. "It was awfully funny."

"Funny!" The Mere Man stopped in the act of raising a mouthful of yellow gluten.

"Yes," replied the Bachelor Girl, with a soft ripple of laughter. "By the time she had made him give up poker and billiards and taught him to go to church on Sunday she had learned to play bridge whist and acquired a taste for cocktails. The seesaw had tipped the other way, you know. But, of course," she added hastily, "that's an unusual case."

"Oh, I don't know," mused the Mere Man reflectively. "The jolliest chap I ever knew married a woman with melancholia. By the time he had cured her the effort had got on his nerves and worn on him so that he was a hypochondriac with a chronic grudge against the world and humanity in general. While she was growing stout and hearty, he grew thin and lost his hair. It's the reflex action, I suppose," he added with a sigh. "But," and he looked more cheerful, "all people who marry aren't exactly opposite."

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"But they're never exactly alike," rejoined the Bachelor Girl, "and even when the seesaw doesn't tip up at an angle, it's bound to joggle a little. While a wife is trying to live up to her husband's ideals she is always unconsciously bringing him around to her sentiments and habits—and vice versa. It's like going through the patent revolving doors or the little ticket gates. While you are letting yourself in you are always letting the other person out, and somehow you can never meet on the same side. Look at the people who marry for love, for instance."

"Oh, well," said the Mere Man hopefully, as he lit his pipe again, "it doesn't always work that way. Look at the Meachams."

"I have looked at them," retorted the Bachelor Girl, with a smile that should have been a warning.

"He taught her to love him," declared the Mere Man triumphantly.

"Yes," agreed the Bachelor Girl, "but she taught him to wear a frock coat and to manicure his nails and to use the right forks and spoons at dinner; and now that he's so polished that he shines all over from his boots to his manners, she has learned to use all his slang and forgotten how to modulate her voice, and acquired the habit of putting her elbows on the table and her feet on the fender, and coming down to dinner in a shirt waist, without a collar and——"

"You're mixing things all up!" cried the Mere Man desperately, "and you've see-sawed way off the question and gotten all twisted in the revolving door. Suppose the Meachams have gone up and down, or crosswise, or around; they've struck a level and they're perfectly satisfied with one another; and that is all that's necessary. The secret lies in knowing when you do strike a level and in not letting the seesaw go too far either way, so that one of you flies off and the other comes down with a thud."

—

The Bachelor Girl picked up the dishes from the table, crossed the studio, pulled out a fancy screen and plumped the blue china plates down in the little porcelain sink behind it.

"Yes," she sighed, turning on both spigots and daintily testing the water with her fingers, "it's knowing just how much hot water and how much cold to let run in the basin to give a comfortable temperature."

"And just how much cheese and how much ale to put in the rarebit," added the Mere Man.

"And just how much sugar and how much wine to put in the sauce."

"And just how far to turn the revolving door."

"And just how to balance yourself on your side of the seesaw so as not to weight it down."

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"That's it!" cried the Mere Man enthusiastically. It's attending to your own side of the seesaw, or the door, or the question, and not being so strenuous in your efforts to bring the other side up to your level or round to your point of view. If you let things alone they'll generally work themselves out smoothly. It's the stirring that often spoils the rarebit."

"Did the stirring spoil my rarebit, Mr. Porter?" asked the Bachelor Girl, glancing at the Mere Man sidewise, as she polished a plate delicately.

"No," declared the Mere Man stoutly. "Nothing could spoil your rarebits or your marriage. That's why I've always felt that a woman with such a nice sense of balance and such perfectly charming arms—arguments, would make——"

"Now you're going to be horrid again," said the Bachelor Girl, rubbing a plate nervously.

"Horrid?" The Mere Man looked hurt.

"Well, silly, then."

The Mere Man got up and knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"I was simply going to say," he explained with dignity, "that a woman with such dimples—I mean discretion, would be——"

"Mr. Porter!"

"——Would be——"

"Please—please!"

"Would be utterly foolish to get——"

The Bachelor Girl dropped a plate with a crash.

"To get on a seesaw—or the marriage records," finished the Mere Man, as he stooped to pick up the pieces.

A LITANY FOR BOSTON.

Springfield Split Brings Forth Appeal to the Voters.

From the Boston Herald.

From petty jealousies and spite; from low tactics and brawling; from meanness and sordid ambitions; from cheap jackery and greed; from billingsgate, bluff, and brute force; from the manners of slum barrooms and the motives of "welshers" and confidence men; from the grip of brazen bosses, and the clutch of heelers, adventurers, plunderers, and thugs; from the wiles of tricksters and the degradation of beings with no conception of public service nor of private honor, O Voters, deliver Boston! From the lesson at Springfield gain strength and resolution. The men who drove the Democratic party into suicidal convulsions last Saturday may call themselves by any name they please, but they are not Democrats. Real Democrats respect themselves, their State, and their capital city. They can no longer bow before garroters of government and the false gods of gutter-politics. An organization dominated by the creators and agents of chaos at Springfield cannot be trusted with the votes of decent men, the affairs of an honorable community.